# EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

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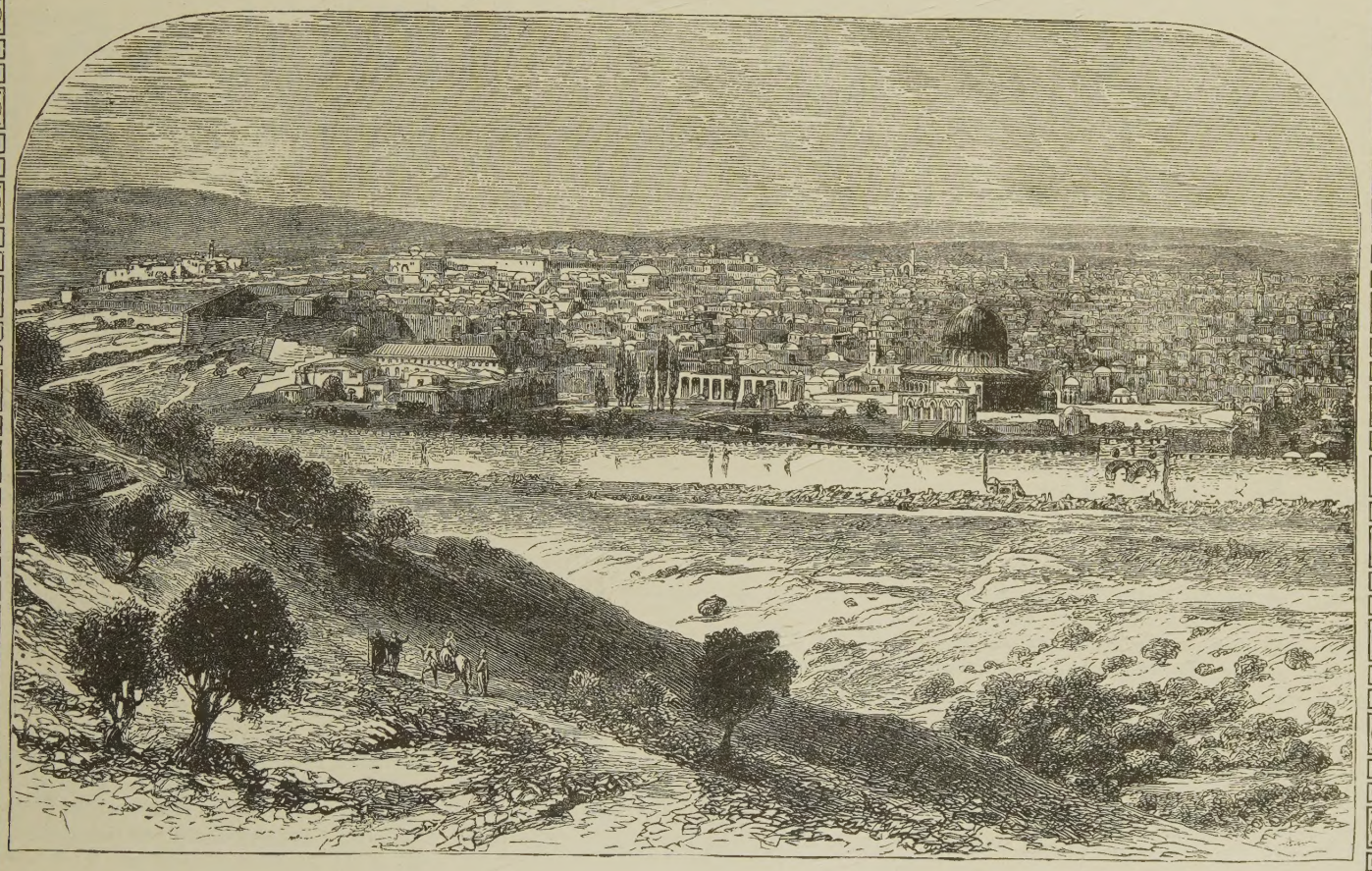

JERUSALEM.

(*See page* 102.)

## THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

BY HELEN M. HARMER.

"THREE whole dollars," said Hilda Merton, shaking the quarters and ten and five cent pieces with great glee. "What do you think I had better get Mamma with that, Myra?"

"That needs a great deal of thinking about," replied Myra. "But really, Hilda, I don't see how you saved so much money. Why, I have only fifteen cents, and that will be of no use for a present, will it?"

"You might get a pretty card; but you know I reminded you three weeks ago that Mamma's birthday would be on the 17th. I hardly like to give mine when you have nothing."

"Oh, that does not matter," replied Myra, lightly. "Mamma must take the will for the deed, this time. Next year I will try to do better." And Myra forgot in saying this that a very little "will" on her part might have purchased her mother a very useful present. The following day was the 15th. When the girls' lessons were over, they asked permission to take a walk to the city by themselves.

Now, of course mammas are generally supposed to know nothing of what is going on about the time of their birthday; but somehow Mrs. Merton did think that the children's visit to the city had some connection with the 17th, and so she smilingly gave permission, and went with them to the garden gate.

"I think Mamma would like a dressing-case," said Hilda, as they entered the main street and paused before a large fancy-store.

"Yes," replied Myra, "and I will buy a card; and then, with what Papa will give her, Mamma will not do so badly, after all."

The two girls entered the store to inquire the prices, but found the dressing-case they most admired too expensive, and so went farther up the street in the hope of finding a cheaper one. However, nothing suitable could be had under five dollars.

"The 'case' must be given up," said Hilda, regretfully, when they had tried at least seven or eight stores without any success. "We must think of something else."

Most people know by experience how difficult it is to buy a present for a limited sum. Everything the girls thought good enough was more than they could afford, and everything at exactly three dollars seemed, after the dressing-cases, too insignificant for a birthday present. In one store, in looking for something else, the girls were shown a very pretty rosewood work-box, and then they remembered that their mother's was quite old and shabby.

"This is the very thing!" cried Myra. "How foolish we were not to have thought of a work-box before!"

The young lady, displaying the box with its delicate blue-silk lining, inquired if they would not like the "fittings." "The price of the box is three dollars," she said, "and you can have three pretty 'fittings,' with mother-of-pearl handles, for another three."

Hilda and Myra looked admiringly as the box was neatly fitted up. "But I have only three dollars," said Hilda, dolefully. "What can we do, Myra?"

"Well, take the box without the fittings," said the young lady. "You might get them another time."

"Oh, no!" cried Myra; "they are spoiled separately. But, Hilda, I have thought of something. Come with me a little way, and I will promise in a short time to come back for the box and its 'fittings.'"

As soon as the door closed behind them, Hilda asked in surprise, "Myra, what have you thought of? How can you get the things without the money?"

"I don't intend to do so, you foolish child," replied Myra, who sometimes asserted her two additional years by patronizing her sister. "Will you buy the fittings, if I buy the box?"

"Indeed I will," said Hilda, eagerly. "But how can you get the money?"

"You see that house on the other side of the road," said Myra. "Wait outside for five minutes, and I will go back to the store and get the box."

The two sisters had just turned the corner of the street; and almost before Hilda could speak, Myra darted across the road and ran up the steps and the next minute was inside the door. Surprised and bewildered, Hilda waited impatiently for her sister's return, and almost directly Myra hastened toward her with light steps and exultant face.

"Now, my dear Hilda," she said, taking her sister's arm with a very self-important air, and showing three crisp one-dollar bills, "let us be quick and go back to the store."

"But how *did* you get the money?" said Hilda. "Was it a present?"

"No, indeed," replied Myra. "It will take a long time to pay it back, but I think I should make a sacrifice for Mamma, and so I have borrowed the money from Louisa Low."

"But, Myra," said Hilda, in consternation, "do you think Mamma would let you borrow money from Louisa? She said only the other day that she did not think Louisa a good companion for you."

"Oh, Louisa is a good enough girl," said Myra, grandly; "and mind, Hilda, you are not to speak of this to Mamma, — at any rate not till after her birthday. Louisa's papa always gives her plenty of money, and she says this would only have been wasted if she had not lent it to me."

But all arguments had no effect on Hilda. Her conscience was more tender than her sister's, and she felt instinctively that her mother would much sooner have no present than have Myra put herself under such an obligation to a school-girl friend.

"Here is the store," said Myra. "How lovely that box looks!"

It did indeed look pretty, and Hilda's heart yearned to see it in her mother's possession; but even as she stood gazing at it, she knew it could not be

"What are you waiting for?" asked Myra, impatiently. "I cannot rest until we have it."

"But I cannot buy the fittings," said Hilda, sadly.

"And why not?" cried Myra. "Really, Hilda, you are very changeable."

"Oh, Myra," said Hilda, entreatingly, "do give up the box this time, and take the money to Louisa! I know Mamma would not like to have anything got in that way."

"How selfish you are!" said Myra, getting quite angry. "You would have poor Mamma go without her present just for a silly scruple of yours. I shall pay the money back in good time."

"It's not that," said Hilda, in a quivering voice. "I have been saving up so long, and now if you will not take back the money to Louisa I must give her mine, and have nothing for Mamma."

"If you like to behave in such a childish manner, I don't see how I can help it," said Myra, crossly. "I am older than you, Hilda, and will not put up with such interference. Come now, dear," she added, softening a little, "do be reasonable, and don't spoil all our pleasure."

"I can't do it," replied Hilda, "and Mamma will think me so unkind!"

"Well, we can't wait here all the afternoon," said Myra. "I don't see that it is any business of yours, and I am going in to buy the box;" and without another word Myra entered the store.

When she came out again with the parcel in her hand, Hilda was not in sight; but Myra soon saw her coming from the direction of Louisa's house, looking very sad and dejected. In silence the two girls walked home; but when they reached the gate, Myra said, "Now, Hilda, do be a nice girl, and I will go back to-morrow and tell Louisa it was all a mistake."

"No, thank you," replied Hilda. "Mamma would not like it."

The 17th dawned bright and fair. Hilda, by working very closely the day before, had managed to finish a very pretty slipper-holder for her mother; and Myra, though she knew she had behaved badly, tried to persuade herself that Hilda was a silly little goose, and could only blame herself for having nothing better to give. When the girls entered the breakfast-room, Mamma was sitting at the table, looking very sweet and pretty in her pale blue wrapper. She smilingly thanked the children for their presents.

"I am rather surprised," she said, after showing them the pretty ornaments given by Papa, "that Hilda should have given me the slipper-case and Myra the work-box, for I did not think Myra could have been so saving as to get me anything so expensive."

Myra colored, and Hilda turned away, that her mother might not see the disappointment she felt.

Mr. Merton made a practice of taking them for a drive on every birthday afternoon; and so when dinner was over, the buggy came around and they all started off.

"Myra," said Mr. Merton, when they had been driving and chatting for some time, "I think you will be sorry to hear that Louisa Low, whom you have more than once almost envied because she lived in a larger house and had more money to spend than yourself, is to-day one of the most unhappy girls in the city."

"How, Papa?" exclaimed Myra. "What has happened?"

"Her father is bankrupt," replied Mr. Merton; "and I fear, from what I have heard, that Louisa has much cause to reproach herself for recklessly spending when she might have saved. Your mamma thought her no fit companion for you because she was extravagant and thoughtless, and I am afraid she is suffering bitterly for it now."

"Oh, Myra, don't you feel thankful?" said Hilda, and then paused.

"Thankful for what?" said Mr. Merton, looking from one confused face to another.

"I will tell you all about it, Papa," said Myra, whose conscience had been pricking her for the last few minutes. She then related all that had happened the afternoon they went to town.

"And so Hilda did give me the best birthday present I could have had," said Mrs. Merton, "for she studied my feelings before her own."

Mr. Merton talked seriously to Myra about the wrong and folly of borrowing, and asked her how

she would have felt if she had been spending money that might have belonged to some poor family. "You must remember this, my dear child," he added, kindly, "that to borrow money without the certainty of repaying it is just the same as stealing. And it is not likely that if you could not deny yourself for your mother's birthday, you would have found it any easier to do so when you had spent the money and the pleasure was over."

Myra wanted her mother to consider the box Hilda's present; but her father objected, saying Hilda had done what she thought best, but Myra should pay him the money by instalments, and he would give Hilda the three dollars which rightly belonged to her.

Little was said on the drive home but Myra firmly resolved to take her father's advice.

The next day Hilda bought the fittings for the box, and had the pleasure of seeing it complete.

By careful saving Myra repaid her father, and found he had spoken the truth when he said it was far easier to pay borrowed money in theory than in practice.

## HORS DU CONCOURS.

BY HENRIETTE CUSHING.

IT was in beautiful Geneva, the queen city of the mountain-girt Lake Leman, in the season of the Singing Fête, which is one of the most enjoyable festivals of the whole year to the Swiss people, who come from every canton to enjoy the music. The Singing Fête always takes place in the summer-time, when hoary old Mont Blanc looks his grandest in his solemn sentinel-like majesty.

All the societies in the different parts of Switzerland take part in this musical feast, and compete for prizes of silver and gold medals. A very pretty sight it is to see these societies as they go in procession through the streets of the quaint old city, with their brilliant banners hung with jingling medals won in many different contests at Geneva before the musical judges. At night during the Singing Fête the lake is ablaze with brilliant colored fires, and the air is full of showers of stars and sparks from the bombs and rockets, which are most beautiful as they reflect themselves in the clear waters of the lake below.

At this season the holiday fever is on the quiet Swiss people, and those who only know dear old Geneva in her quieter moods would hardly recognize the bustling, excited city during the fête. The streets are crowded with strangers, the shops are full of eager buyers, the little lake steamers are busier than ever, puffing up and down with merry excursionists crowding the decks. The kindly, white-coifed women, with their little donkey-carts at the corners, reap a rich harvest with their beautiful roses and fresh fruit; for who can resist wearing a flower in the button-hole, or buying a hamper of rosy-cheeked apricots or peaches?

Every one in Geneva looks satisfied and happy except Pierre Piquet, who sits at the corner of the bridge with his little organ, as is his custom. Pierre is blind, and he and Blondin, his French poodle, earn a very scanty living for themselves in the best times, but now every one is intent on the fête and the enjoyment of the novelties which it brings. The busy throng crossing the bridge which separates one part of the city from the other, have no time to linger long enough to drop a few sous in Blondin's basket; they do not even hear the well-known tunes which Pierre is grinding out of his tiny bird-organ as vigorously as he can; and at night, when the faithful little Blondin led him home, there was not half a franc in Pierre's purse to show for his day's labor. Poor little Blondin felt in his sensitive heart that something had gone wrong, and looked up into the blind eyes of his master to try to find out what it was.

"Never mind, little one," said Pierre, as he patted the woolly head of his faithful dog when they sat down to sup on a very small bowl of soup that night, and shared it between them, — "never mind, the festival will be over before we starve, my poor Blondin, even if we have only half rations each day." A sympathetic little whine from Blondin showed he understood his master.

The next day Pierre was at his post as usual, and Blondin sat on the top of the organ with his basket in his mouth, waiting for the coins of the benevolent passers. But, alas for the patience of the faithful dog! they were so few that Blondin himself could have counted them, — not enough for a loaf of bread or a bowl of soup.

"To-night we shall go hungry, my little one," said Pierre, as he emptied the few centimes into his purse. Blondin lapped his master's hand, as if he were willing to share any misfortune with so good and kind a friend; and when Pierre arose to go home to the empty cupboard, Blondin frisked about as if conscious that something should be done to make things a little more cheerful.

A friendly voice and a helping hand at that moment brought the first smile for many a day to Pierre's sad face.

"Ah, my friend," said the rough voice, "and now is business to-day?" and as it spoke, its owner, an equally rough but kindly-faced man, helped place the little organ on Pierre's back.

"Ten centimes, that is all for the day's work," replied Pierre, in discouraged tones.

"Bad! bad! and there are five days more of the fête. You are not over strong, and Blondin, too, begins to be a trifle thinner. This will not do."

The next morning again Pierre and Blondin were at their corner bright and early, but hardly earlier than the friend who had greeted them on the night before.

"Ah! my good Pierre, to-day I prophesy for you a full purse, and for Blondin that he will have a busy time with the basket."

"Your heart is good, my friend, but you are wrong to think Pierre or his organ will have any chance while all the city is hurrying to and fro, intent on filling itself with music of another kind."

"Leave all to me, and then say to me to-morrow that it was your old friend, Jean Batiste, who made your fortune in a day."

Jean Batiste looked very much as if he had some deep-laid scheme in his mind; but he bided his time, and waited for the crowds to begin to cross the bridge which took them into the old part of the city where the singing societies met. Then he took from underneath his coat, where he had hidden it, a placard, which he hung about Pierre's neck by the cord which was attached. He then walked away to see the effect of his plan. After seeing several groups of persons pass without taking any particular notice of the placard, he walked back to Pierre and began chuckling aloud to himself, at the same time tossing a franc into the little Blondin's basket. Just behind were some merry-making strangers, who were attracted by the laughter of Jean Batiste enough to read the legend on the blind man's neck. Poor Pierre did not feel very happy, for he did not understand joking, and he feared Jean Batiste was poking fun at him. But when the laughter of the passers was accompanied by the jingling of many coins which fell into the basket, he felt somewhat consoled.

"*Hors du Concours*," was what the passers-by read upon the sign-board; and it meant that this musician was out of the competition for prizes which was going on in the city.

After it had once begun, the appreciation of the joke did not grow less; and that day Pierre counted forty francs, which was for him quite a little fortune. And after that his gains during the fête were seldom less than thirty francs, a day, all owing to Jean Batiste's happy thought of the little placard, on which his wit had taught him to print the words, "*Hors du Concours.*"

## THE TITHING-MAN.

(*See picture on p.* 101.)

OUR young readers have all, no doubt, read about the tithing-man, who in "the good old times" used to keep people in order in the meeting-house. The picture of one of these stern officers in this number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY needs no further explanation; but our readers will enjoy these descriptive verses written by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, and originally contributed to the "Wide Awake" Magazine: —

Little Elizabeth, prim and pale,
  A decorous little Puritan maid,
Walked soberly up the meeting-house hill,
  With a look on her face as if she prayed.

Her little kerchief was white as snow,
  Like a rose she looked in her Sunday gown,
As she soberly walked up the meeting-house hill,
  With her pretty eyes cast meekly down.

Little Elizabeth sat alone
  In the queer, old-fashioned oaken pew,
And earnestly on the parson bent
  Her modest, innocent eyes of blue.

But, ah! the sermon was deep and long,
  And the parson spoke with a dreary drone;
And the honey-bees hummed o'er the nodding flowers
  Outside in a drowsy monotone.

"My fourthly is," the parson droned;
  "I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
Mused little Elizabeth in a maze,
  And then, ah me! she fell asleep.

Close to her tiptoed the tithing man,
  And over her reached his awful rod,
And poked the little Puritan maid
  For falling asleep in the house of God.

Dear little Elizabeth, prim and pale!
  How her poor heart jumped when she woke and found
The dreaded tithing-man at her side
  And the queer poke-bonnets all turning round!

Then she sat straight up in the old oak pew,
  Grave and pale as a lily-flower;
But she thought the people all looked at her,
  And all their eyes did lower and glower.

And, going home, she fancied the birds
  Called back and forth, with a knowing nod,
"There 's the little maid whom the tithing-man
  Caught fast asleep in the house of God."

## Our Letter-Box.

We would acknowledge the receipt of letters from E. G. R. (Berlin, Mass.), H. L. (Newton Centre), and E. F. F. (Hopedale, Mass.), who send us correct answers to enigmas in No. X. G. D.'s letter, answering the question asked so long ago, is very acceptable. Edna's account of her dolls' house and garden ought to receive a response in kind. We thank her for her account of Narcissus. She has given us one of the stories. There is another, which our readers may like to hear. In this, instead of being the tender-hearted youth who died for love of his sister, Narcissus is represented as being very stony-hearted. He was very beautiful, and many people loved him; but to none would he make any return. The nymph Echo died for love of him, and another of his fair lovers prayed to Nemesis (who was believed to be the goddess who punishes evil deeds) to punish him for his cruel heart. Accordingly Nemesis caused Narcissus to see his own image in a fountain, and to fall in love with that. As he could not approach it, he gradually pined away, and was changed into the flower which bears his name.

### THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

On the banks of Kephisos, Echo saw and loved Narcissus. But Narcissus did not care for her; he mourned for his sister who was dead. And as he looked into the stream he saw his own face, and it seemed to him as if he saw his sister and could almost hear her speak. Echo sat by his side and asked him to stop mourning and love her. But Narcissus paid no attention to her; he mourned for his sister whom Hermes had taken beyond the dark Stygian River. His grief was too deep for tears, so it dried up the fountains of his life. One day he died, and the voice of Echo was heard no more as she sat by his grave. On the side of the river came up a lovely white flower, and people called it after Narcissus. I think the most beautiful part of the story is Narcissus's love for his sister. I am sorry for Echo.

Edna Knapp.

Dear Editor, — In Every Other Sunday, No. III., October 16, you asked your readers "at what time Washington had his headquarters at Newburg, and what great event took place while he was there." In reading B. J. Lossing's interesting book, "Mary and Martha Washington," I have found what I think answers your question. I copy from the book: —

"In April, 1782, Washington made his headquarters at Newburgh, on the Hudson. He continued the headquarters of the army at that village until midsummer of 1783, Mrs. Washington spending most of the time with him. . . . A cessation of hostilities was agreed upon by Parliament in March, 1782 (the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Oct. 19, 1781, having virtually closed the war), and by mutual consent the United States and Great Britain appointed commissioners to treat for peace on the basis of the independence of the former. A preliminary treaty of peace was effected, and a definite treaty was ratified. During the summer of 1782 the British troops evacuated Savannah, others left Charleston in December, but they held the city of New York almost a year longer."

I also find in Irving's "Life of Washington" a statement that the final treaty of peace was signed at Paris, Jan. 20, 1783, at which time Washington was at Newburg, as stated above. Perhaps this will interest Cleveland Allen, who wrote the letter telling us about Newburg and the house in which Washington lived while he was there.

Yours respectfully,

G. D.

Dear Editor, — I want to tell some of the girls who read Every Other Sunday about our dolls' house. "Miss Helen" and "Baby Lula," twelve-year-old "Lizzie" and ten-year-old "Ola," are the occupants at present. The sitting-room has a bay window, three chairs, a table, and sofa. We have silk net-lace curtains at the sitting-room bay window. The bedroom contains a chair, stand, and bed. The dado is of pink roses. The spare room is our pride. A white Canton-flannel cushioned seat, bedstead, and table are in it. It also has a bay window, with a lace curtain. Our kitchen is of tin, and we have a closet, racks and hooks, and a stove in it. We made the house and bought the kitchen. We have a garden of paper flowers, and a flannel elephant called "Somerville," from the place that he came from. I wonder if rich mens' children that can have houses *all made* are any happier than we are with ours? I send the story of Narcissus you asked for. With love from

Edna Knapp.

Bennington, Vt.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

21. Of what country was Ruth a native?
22. Where did this country lie?
23. What was its extent?
24. Did the Israelites pass through this country on their way to the land of Canaan?
25. What tribe of Israel afterward occupied a part of this land?
26. Were the relations between the Israelites and this people peaceful or warlike?
27. What was the religion of this people?
28. What great prophet died and was buried in this country?

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. XI.

Enigma XIII. "I wish you a happy new year."
Enigma XIV. Perseverance.
Enigma XV. Patience.

## For Youngest Readers.

### EDITH'S SACRIFICE.

BY A. WILLIAMS.

(Continued from No XII.)

HEN Edith stood on the steps, and watched the others drive away, her eyes filled with tears, but she quickly dashed them away, and ran to ask Nurse for a soft piece of cotton; then she got a glass of iced-water and went upstairs, and knocked at her grandmamma's door.

"Why, Edith," said the old lady, when she saw who it was, "I thought you had gone to the picnic."

"No, Grandmamma," answered Edith, "I stayed to nurse you."

"My dear child," said Grandmamma, "I am very glad to have you; but I do not like the idea of your missing the picnic."

"Never mind," said Edith gayly; "see! I am going to bathe your head with this iced-water, and you must be very good, and go to sleep."

So she bathed her Grandmamma's forehead; then fanned her gently, till she fell into an easy sleep, which lasted till luncheon. After luncheon, Grandmamma said she felt so much better that she would get up. When she was dressed, she called Edith to her, and giving her a key told her to open the small drawer of her cabinet, and she would show her some of her treasures. Then she drew her chair beside the drawer, and told Edith to bring a stool, and sit at her knee.

"These," she said, taking out a tiny pair of white kid slippers, "are the first shoes your Mamma walked in."

"How funny!" said Edith, laughing, "to think mamma's feet were ever so small."

"And this," continued Grandmamma, taking up a velvet cricket cap, "your Aunt Mary made for Uncle Harry. They had quarrelled, and she made him this as a peace-offering. He was very proud of it, and when he went away he gave it to me."

"How pretty it is!" exclaimed Edith; "I would like to make one like it for Hector as a present for his birthday."

"Very well," said Grandmamma, "I will show you how to do it. And this little pin-cushion," she said, taking a small cushion from the drawer, "Aunt Edith made me for a Christmas present, when she was ten years old. My poor Edith, my baby!" said the old lady, sadly, "it seems but yesterday since she brought this little cushion to me."

Then, while Edith listened with eager attention, Grandmamma told her about the beautiful and loving character of the dear aunt, for whom little Edith had been named.

"Grandmamma," said Edith, softly, after a few minutes silence, "I would like to be like Aunt Edith."

"You are very like her," said Grandmamma, looking at her fondly "You have the same golden curls and blue eyes, and many, yes, a great many, of her loving ways."

Just then there was a sound of carriage-wheels, and laughing and talking in the hall below.

"Thank you, Grandmamma, for telling me about Aunt Edith. I will try to be more like her," said Edith, as she threw her arms around the old lady's neck and kissed her affectionately.

"I am sure you will," said Grandmamma, as she returned the kiss.

When Edith went downstairs, she found not only her mother and Hector, but the three little Rogerses whom Mrs. Seldon had invited to come home and take dinner with them. They all had much to tell Edith of what they had seen and done. She felt a pang of regret as she thought of all the fun she had missed; but it was only for an instant, — then came the pleasant thought of having given up so much for another.

That night as she went to bed, Edith said to herself, "It was not much to give up the picnic, when I had such a nice time with Grandmamma." But little Edith had not expected to have such a pleasant time, when she so willingly gave up her own enjoyment to stay at home with her grandmother.

THE TITHING-MAN.

(*See page* 99.)

## Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

### "WHAT ARE BATS?"

BY KATHARINE HAGAR.

"Toads, beetles, bats light on you!"

After an August day of intense heat, the family were enjoying on the piazza the refreshing coolness of the evening air. Suddenly, as they sat talking in the darkness, a winged creature passed between Robert and Annie, who were opposite each other. A little squeal startled them both.

"Was that a bird, Auntie?" asked Annie.

"No, I think not. Birds do not often fly at night; neither do they utter such a squealing cry," Aunt Fanny answered.

"It must be a bat," said Robert.

"Can we tell the difference between a bat and a bird?" asked Aunt Fanny. "Let us come in; the bat has made Annie uneasy."

But as they entered the house they found that another bat, or perhaps the same one that had startled the children, was flying about the parlor. Aunt Fanny was not timid. She put a towel around her head, remembering that she had heard it said that a bat might fasten its claws in her hair, and then she managed, by dazzling its eyes with a bright light, soon to capture it. Putting it on the table and covering it with a wire screen, she sat down with the children to examine their unfortunate captive.

Robert began: "Birds have feathers; bats have soft, fine fur."

"What a pretty, soft yellowish-brown its back is! and see its little whiskers, short and stiff," observed Annie. "Birds have beaks; bats have mouths and noses."

"Birds do not have teeth; bats have sharp teeth and can bite," Aunt Fanny added.

"Birds do not have ears; bats have long ears," said Robert.

"Birds have a pretty, sweet song; bats squeal and squeak." Annie remembered the noise that had frightened her.

"'Polly want a cracker.'" Robert made a ludicrous imitation of the call of a neighbor's parrot. "Is that a pretty, sweet song?"

"Now," said Aunt Fanny, "why are not bats quadrupeds? They have a little rounded body covered with soft fur, a small head, little eyes, large ears, a short tail, and two pairs of limbs of very unequal size."

"That is the very reason," Robert quickly observed; "because their limbs are of an unequal size, and they can't walk easily."

"What do you call kangaroos?" Annie asked him.

Robert did not answer, and Aunt Fanny continued: "Bats are as awkward on the ground as they are active in the air. They crawl with an awkward, shuffling gait. While so crawling their wings are closed. The animal rests on its wrists and hind feet, the body being dragged forward by the help of its strong, hooked thumb-nails, which also help it to climb up any rough surface even when it is perpendicular, as they crawl on the sides of caverns. Its walk is a sort of diagonal tumbling. Only in the air are they free in their motion."

"Does it really fly smoothly and swiftly, like a bird?" Robert asked.

"No, compared with most birds its flight is very fluttering; but, after all, it is a true and perfect flight, quite different from the movement of a flying squirrel, which only flits from one bough to another; but bats can truly fly. I like the name *wing-handed animals*. They cannot sustain themselves very long when flying, but they fly with perfect ease, — sometimes, I have read, even carrying one or two of their young. The wing is a large, thin membrane stretched over and between the limbs, and the bones are like the strips of whalebone in an umbrella; they are really enormously elongated fingers. This wing is the most sensitive thing! I must tell you of Spallangani's experiments. He saw that bats could fly in rooms however dark without hitting the walls. He put out their eyes."

"Oh, how cruel!" Annie exclaimed.

"Yes, but he found that they flew just as well as before. He hung branches of trees and threads from the ceiling. The bats avoided them, nor did they even brush against them; they would fold or contract their wings so as not to touch them. Then he stopped up their ears and finally their nostrils, so that they could neither see, hear, nor smell."

Robert said eagerly, "We were reading that some blind persons know when they approach a house by the change in the feeling of the air near the wall."

"Yes, it is like that. The bat's wing is an organ of the most exquisite delicacy. No touch is more sensitive."

Annie spoke: "Most birds fly in the day-time; bats at night. My Canary-bird is asleep now, with its head tucked under its wing. Bats don't sit on perches or branches of trees."

"No; they suspend themselves head downwards, laying hold with the sharp-hooked claws of their toes to cornices or projections of buildings, so that on being disturbed they can drop into the air and take flight immediately. Sometimes they hang to a branch of a tree by the thumb, which seems to be separated for this purpose from the fingers that support the wing, and is terminated by a sharp claw."

"Is there any other distinction?" Robert asked.

Aunt Fanny answered, "One more: birds hatch their young from eggs; bats produce them as living beings. The little ones are at first naked and blind, and the mother-bat nurses them as a human baby is nursed. Mrs. S. C. Hall tells a story of a bat that, when she was a child, she rescued from a boy who was tossing into the air and catching what she fancied was a large mouse. She kept it in a basket lined with cotton; and then, to her great astonishment, she found one day that the mother-bat had a little one under the folds of her wing. 'The old bat became furious if I attempted to touch the little one. Her soft hair stood up, and she would tremble all over and utter little short, sharp sounds.'"

"What did Mrs. Hall give the bat to eat?"

"She gave the mother-bat bits of raw meat, and it would lick milk off her finger. Bats usually live on insects, and are very useful and ought to be protected. They hide in the day-time in some dark hole or cellar, and sleep head downward all day long. Then in the evening they wake up and fly about to hunt insects, of which they devour large quantities The toads on the ground and the bats in the air ought never to be abused, as they are of great benefit to gardeners and farmers."

"Poor little creature!" said Robert. "It has the body of a beast, and yet lives the life of a bird."

"It is a sort of cousin to the mole," Aunt Fanny replied. "In the Bible we find that the Jews classed them with birds, as in Deuteronony xiv. 18: 'And the stork and heron after her kind, and the lapwing and the bat.' Even in 1557 bats and birds were included together in a 'History of the Nature of Birds;' and as late as 1645 Aldrovandus decided that bats were rather birds than beasts. Now, however, we know that, as St. George Mivart writes, 'They belong to man's own class, Mammalia. They are of one order, *Cheiroptera*, into which no animal but a bat is admitted.' And he calls them 'our class-fellows, much more like ourselves than they are like any bird.'"

### JERUSALEM.

BY E. M.

(*See picture on page* 97.)

The first impression upon entering the "City of the Great King" is one of disappointment. There is nothing cheerful about the place. The mass of stone houses and the marked silence both inside and outside the city make Jerusalem appear like "a tomb of living people." Most of the streets are only from eight to twelve feet in width. The main streets are paved; but the paving is made of stones of all sizes carelessly imbedded in the soil, the sides being raised about a foot. They have no carriages, everything being borne upon the backs of animals. Camels, horses, mules, and donkeys are used. The houses are two, and often three, stories high. The roofs are flat, and covered with a hard cement, and often surmounted by a dome.

The population of the city at the present time is about twenty thousand. Of these about seven thousand are Jews, nine thousand are Mahometans, and Christians of different denominations number about four thousand. The city is supported largely by pilgrims, who journey thither to visit its ancient ruins and the places of historic interest so near its walls. The people live mostly upon fruits and rice; but little meat is eaten. Labor in Jerusalem commands about fifteen cents a day. The city is practically devoid of sanitary protection, and the rubbish is freely dumped in the narrow streets, causing a foul odor to pervade the atmosphere.

The original city was built upon Mount Zion. Here was the stronghold of the Jebusites, captured by David, and here was the palace of Israel's kings. Standing on the heights of Zion, you have on the west and south the valley of Hinnom; turning your face to the east, you have before you the Tyropœon valley; beyond this may be seen Mount Moriah, where the temple of Solomon once stood; beyond that still to the east is the valley of Jehoshaphat, with the brook Kidron and the Garden of Gethsemane; and beyond all these rises the summit of the Mount of Olives.

Probably no city in the world has undergone what Jerusalem has. It has suffered seventeen captures and twenty-seven sieges, the last one being in 1244. The city cannot be seen as the Saviour saw it; but those who feel disappointed at its wretched outward appearance should not forget that, according to the prophecy, it was to be "laid waste" and become a "heap of rubbish." There have been practically eight Jerusalems, — the first one being that of the Jebusites; the second, that of the Israelites; the third, that of Nehemiah after the Babylonish captivity; the fourth, the city at the time of Herod the Great; the next one, in the time of the Emperor Hadrian which was built over the ruins of the city destroyed by Titus; the sixth, that of the early Moslems;

the seventh, that of the crusaders; the eighth, that of the modern Moslems. But notwithstanding the fact that it has been rebuilt so many times, no city in the world is more sacred in its associations.

David greatly enlarged and strengthened it, and it continued to increase in population, wealth, and power. Under Solomon it reached the zenith of its glory, and many like the Queen of Sheba came to witness its splendors. The quantity of gold left by David for Solomon to expend upon the Temple fully amounted to one hundred millions of dollars. With the death of Solomon began the decline of Jerusalem.

The city, which is in the shape of a quadrangle, is situated four thousand feet above the Dead Sea, which is only sixteen miles away. The walls which now surround Jerusalem are from twenty-five to sixty feet in height, according to the location, and nearly three miles around, being about a mile shorter than in the time of Christ. There are seven gates, which are closed at night. The numerous shops and bazaar's are closed at nightfall, and no one is allowed on the streets after dark unless he carries a lantern.

David and other monarchs were buried on Mount Zion, where there are several cemeteries. A small plat of ground, purchased some time ago, surrounded by a high stone wall, is consecrated as a burial-place for Americans dying at Jerusalem. Along the side of the valley of Hinnom is a rocky ledge, and innumerable tombs have been cut and carved along its surface. Jehoshaphat is also a great sepulcral valley, and it is still said that a Jew considers it one of the greatest privileges to be buried in this valley. Here they expect their coming Messiah to stand in the resurrection. The name "Jehoshaphat" means "Jehovah judgeth;" and this valley is also designated by the Mahometans as the scene of the last judgment. Many Christians agree with the Jews and Mahometans in the propriety of the name.

The Pool of Siloam is a place of great interest. Who has not read of the blind man who washed in the Pool of Siloam and came out seeing? It is still a place of resort for the surrounding inhabitants. They congregate there to bathe, wash clothes, and water their animals. It is believed by the natives to possess healing qualities.

Of Mount Zion some one speaks: "Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following." "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion." Can any of my young readers tell where these words are found? It may some day be your privilege to wander about Jerusalem, tell her towers, mark her bulwarks, and muse upon her departed glory.

## History and Biography.

### MRS. BARBAULD.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.

"I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty:
I woke, and found that life was duty."

THESE beautiful lines were written by a sweet and gentle lady. She also wrote the oft quoted poem beginning,—

"Life, I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part."

The poet Wordsworth once said: "I am not in the habit of begrudging other people's gifts, but I wish I had written those lines." Mrs. Barbauld also wrote some "Hymns in Prose," that have been copied again and again. Their quiet beauty long lingers in the memory of those who have read them. Most school-children have read them, for they are often published in Readers, and indeed they were written at first for Mrs. Barbauld's pupils. She was born at Kibworth-Harcourt, in Leicestershire, England, on the 20th of June, 1743. Her maiden name was Anna Letitia Aiken. Her father was a minister and a teacher, Rev. John Aiken. He carefully trained and taught all his children. His seminary was a school for boys; but his daughter Anna received the same instruction as the boys, and when quite young had a knowledge of classical literature. Her husband was also a minister and a teacher, Rev. Rochemont Barbauld. Soon after his marriage he opened a boarding-school for boys in Palgrave in Suffolk. His wife gave him valuable help, taking charge of the youngest pupils. Indeed, it has been said that the success of the school depended in no small measure on her assistance, and at length it became famous through her fame. It was for these pupils that she wrote "Early Lessons for Children," and the beautiful "Hymns in Prose" of which I have already spoken. These books have not only been reprinted many times in our own language, but have been translated into several other languages. She taught in this school ten years, and during that long time must have helped many boys to be happy and good.

Mrs. Barbauld also wrote a volume of poems which was so well received that it passed through four editions in one year. One of her most famous poems is the "Ode to Spring." With her brother she published "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose," which also passed through many editions. She helped her brother, also, in preparing a series of stories for children, entitled "Evenings at Home."

In 1808 her husband died. Mrs. Barbauld sought relief from her sorrow in writing. The last poem that she wrote was really a memorial to her husband. It is an ode, entitled "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven." Her own life was spared for many years. It is pleasant to think that one so gentle and good, whose days were full of kind deeds, was permitted to remain so long upon earth. She died in 1825. She indeed could truly say,—

"Life, we 've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather."

## Teachers' Department.

### A PRIMARY-CLASS EXERCISE.

BY MISS LUCY WHEELOCK.

*Report of Lecture-talk given in Channing Hall.*

IN this exercise Miss Wheelock addressed her audience of teachers as if they were her class, and made constant use of the blackboard, which was covered with admirable drawings made by the artist, Miss Humphreys.

The lessons which she illustrated were taken from the eighth chapter of Matthew, and were not in any sense show-exercises, but such as she gives every Sunday to her own scholars.

The first subject which she used on this occasion to illustrate her method of teaching was Christ's healing of the centurion, as recorded in the eighth chapter of Matthew. She did not give many of the details, but came at once to the practical teaching. No good teacher, she said, spends all the time upon details, but tries to draw from a narrative some lesson which a child can apply to his own life. In this story Christ says, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in all Israel."

Now, have any of you ever been sick?

Yes, all of you have at some time or other.

Did you have the doctor?

Yes.

What did he give you?

He gave you some medicine, did he not?

And did he give it to you in a glass that looks something like this? [Indicating on blackboard.]

Yes.

Suppose you said you did not think the medicine would do you any good, and you would not take it; do you think you would be very likely to get well?

No.

Do you know any other name for a doctor?

It is a long name, — "physician."

We all have bodily illness; and we all have still another kind of sickness which we want to be cured of. What do we call it?

Sin.

[Writing word on blackboard.] Can you think of any sinful thing which people sometimes have?

I am thinking of bad temper. [Writing the words.] Suppose a little girl passing by you knocks your elbow and throws your book on the floor. She does not mean to; but you look up very cross, and you say, "Oh, you hateful girl! you have thrown down my book, and tipped my ink over!" That is bad temper, is it not?

Yes.

Then there is another kind of sin; do any of you go to school? Well, perhaps there is a boy in your school, who gets up to recite his lesson, and peeks in his book; what do you call that?

Cheating.

Now, Jesus can cure people of their sins; and if you believe he can cure you, what do you call it?

Faith.

We will write that word on the medicine-glass upon the blackboard. And Christ says, "As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee."

Miss Wheelock then told the story of Christ calming the waves on the Sea of Galilee. When the sailors awoke Christ, and he saw the storm, he did not stop to think what a dreadful storm it was; he did not think about the boat, he only thought about the men, and what they must do. And he said to them, "Why are ye so fearful, oh ye of little faith!" Have you [she continued] ever heard people talk about any other kind of storm? Have you ever heard them talk about trouble, or sorrow, which seemed to overwhelm them like a storm? When trouble or sorrow comes to people and they feel that God can help them bear it, — what is that?

Faith.

What do you see here? [On blackboard.]

Rocks.

Rocks are something bad too. What else is like a storm, or a rock?

Temptation.

Perhaps a boy wants some money, and he knows his mother has some in a drawer. His mother is not at home, and he does not want to wait till she comes back, and so he goes and takes it out of her drawer. What do we call that?

We have a long name for that [writing], — "dishonesty." A boy who would not take the money is an honest boy.

Then there is another kind of rock. There was once a girl who took her little baby sister out in her baby carriage. Her mother told her she might go up and down the street, but she must not go anywhere else. When she had been out a little while she met another girl, who asked her to come over in the field with her and pick violets. But the girl said her mother told her not to go away from the street. "Oh, your mother will never know," said the second girl. Suppose the girl had gone off with her friend and left the baby, — what would that have been?

Disobedience.

If the winds are driving a ship upon the rocks, does the captain let her go?

No.

What does he use to keep his ship from going on the rocks?

The anchor.

What is there in our hearts which keeps us from doing wrong?

Belief in and love for God.

Then there is the story of the man sick with paralysis, brought by his friends, and let down through the roof for Jesus to see. What is this? [Holding up an apple.]

An apple.

Does it look like a good apple?

Yes.

When I turn it round what do you see?

A spot on it.

Suppose I make a mark on it with a piece of chalk, can you rub it off?

Yes, anybody can rub that off.

But can you take that spot out of the apple?

No.

So Jesus said this man's sins must be forgiven him, before his body could be cured. Curing the body is the same as rubbing the chalk-mark off the apple; the body is like the skin of the apple. But curing sin, is curing what is within us, that which thinks and feels.

If we put the apple away, what will happen?

The spot will grow larger and larger, and at last it will spoil the whole apple.

So if you have any sin, and do not get rid of it you will do worse the next time. "There is a boy in my school," perhaps you say, "who cheats; he copies other boys' lessons. I would not do that!" Or, "There is a boy in my school who swears. I would not do that!" And you think there is nothing very bad about you, and yet it may be you do things that your mother does not wish you to do.

The "works" of Jesus are what he has done, such as curing the sick man. Here is a photograph which is too small for you to see at a distance, and so it may be passed around. It is a picture of John the Baptist, who came to tell men of the coming of a Saviour. Now, this man was thrown into prison, and while in prison he began to doubt if Christ really were the Saviour; so he sent some men to ask him. But Christ only said, "See what I do, and judge for yourselves!"

Miss Wheelock then wrote upon the board, —

Blind — see. Lame — walk.

Deaf — hear. Lepers — cleansed.

Dead — raised. Poor — gospel preached.

These are the works of Jesus. Can we do any of these things?

Yes, in a certain way we can. For instance, there was a little girl who used to read to a blind woman. She could not make the woman see, but she could see for her.

There was a boy who helped a lame man across the street. Was he not helping the lame to walk?

There was another little girl whose aunt was so deaf that she could not hear ordinary conversation, and the little girl used to repeat to her aunt everything of interest that others said. Another girl sat down to read a story-book one afternoon, when she remembered that one of her little friends did not come to school that morning, and she thought she must be sick; so instead of reading her book she went to visit her friend.

"The poor have the gospel preached unto them." Poor in this case does not mean those who have no money, but it means those who *need* something. If you saw a bird that had lost its nest, you would say, "Poor bird!" and if you saw a man who had been hurt, you would say, "Poor man!" So Jesus means any one who *needs* something.

At last the men whom John had sent out, came back to tell him of the works of Jesus. Could Jesus heal everybody? No. He had to have others to help him; so he chose the twelve disciples. Who are Jesus' disciples? Those who are doing his work. He told the twelve disciples to do it then; and he tells everybody to do it now.

In sending out his disciples, Jesus was reminded of the harvest. Here is some wheat. [Holding up some sprays of wheat.] When do we gather it, — when it is green?

No, when it is ripe; for if it were gathered when it is green it would spoil.

When the wheat is gathered, that is called the harvest. Is there much work to do at harvest-time? Yes. There was one man out West who had so much work to do at the harvest, that the women had to go into the fields and help, and even the children were called into the field to work. Jesus said the world was a great harvest-field, but there were not enough workmen to do the work. In a real harvest all do not have to do the same kind of work: some cut the wheat; others bind it up; some drive the horses that take it into the barn. Do the children do the same work as the men? No. They do the easy part. And the same workers cannot go everywhere; some go into the middle of the field, others take the sides. The world is the harvest, and men, women, and children are the laborers; and there is something for everybody to do.

"There is work for me, there is work for you, —
Something for each of us now to do."

What have I here? [Holding up a small flag.]

A flag.

If you saw me wearing this flag, what country would you think I belonged to?

The United States.

If you saw me wearing this flag in China, would you still think I belonged to the United States?

Yes.

By showing this, then, I "confess" to what country I belong.

Did you come here in a horse-car?

Yes.

Did you see a conductor on the car?

Yes.

How did you know he was a conductor?

By his badge.

Miss Wheelock said her own scholars thought of a fireman, that they should know one by his hat; and that they should know a conductor on the Boston and Maine Railroad because he had "B and M" on his hat. So if you do the work of Christ you "confess" that you belong to him, — are his disciples.

What do you see here? [Indicating blackboard.]

Bells.

When do we hear bells?

Sunday morning.

What are they telling us?

To "remember the Sabbath day."

Yes, the Jews called their day of rest and worship the "Sabbath day." Spell what it says on the bells: —

"R-e-m-e-m-b-e-r,—Remember."

What is this? [Indicating something on the black-board.]

A yoke.

When you see a yoke, what does it suggest?

It suggests the oxen that are to wear it.

When do oxen wear a yoke?

When they are at work.

What is another word for work?

Labor.

When oxen work, they draw a — ?

Load.

If one ox drew back, would it make the work easier or harder?

Harder.

Jesus says everybody wears a different yoke.

What is another word for load?

Burden.

If you are working very hard, you feel tired, and if you are tired, what do you want?

Rest.

Jesus says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." What are some of the burdens which we have to bear?

Trouble, care, sin.

The different kinds of burdens we bear may be illustrated by examples. The burden of habit, for instance, may be taken as the subject of a temperance lesson, which teachers can make useful.

The next subject was the story of the Sower. Some peas were shown in a bottle, and Miss Wheelock said she had her pupils plant some in flower-pots.

If you plant some peas in this empty flower-pot will they grow?

No.

Why?

Because there is no soil.

If you plant some peas in this second pot will they grow?

No.

Why?

Because there is something else in it already.

Here is a pot with a great stone in it; but if we pour a little earth over the stone, and then plant some peas in it, will they grow?

No.

Why?

There is not room enough.

If we plant them in this pot which is full of soil, will they grow?

Yes.

The story of the Sower was then told. The different kinds of soil are like human hearts. With some there is no soil. Some children come to Sunday-school and do not listen to what is said, but talk and play, and so do not hear. Why does the seed not grow?

Because there is no soil.

Some boys hear, but forget. They go off afterward for a game of base-ball; or they say, "Come, let's go out to Roxbury Park and have a good time." Their hearts are full of something else, and so the seed does not grow because it has no room. There are some girls, too, whose hearts are full of something else; they are thinking too much about their dress, perhaps; and here too, again, the seed does not have room to grow.

But there are some boys and girls who hear, and who do not forget, but do what they are told. Their hearts have good soil in them.

The three elements of the story were pointed out, — one sower, who is the good teacher; the seed, which is the word of God; and four kinds of soil, which are the hearts of men.

The next subject was the story of the wheat and the tares, in which we find two sowers, — one sowing good seed, and the other bad. The sower of bad seed is called what?

The enemy.

Are those who are sowing bad seed the friends of Christ?

No; they are his enemies.

When the harvest came, the master said, "Gather up the wheat and carry it into the barn; but not the tares, they are of no use." The harvest tells the result of our life, — shows what we have been doing.


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